

Modern Fables.

By George Ade.

Fable of How Economical Edward Got His Quietus.

ONCE there was a young fellow named Edward who could make a Dollar go as far as the next one. He wore Hand-me-Downs that looked as if they had been made by a Jewell Tailor. He kept his Trousers on hangers, and took such good care of his wardrobe that a Suit would last him from three to five years. He shaved himself and blacked his own Shoes and borrowed a Paper to read.

So that although his Salary didn't make him round-shouldered taking it Home, he was enabled to seek a couple of the Green Kind each Month and was contemplating Matrimony.

Edward estimated that two of them could get along comfortably on his Pay without cracking the Next Egg. In fact, he had it all figured out. The House Rent would be so much and the Groceries would stand him something, and then he allowed \$200 a year for Clothing. He knew that he could worry along on half of that Amount and he had heard that Dresses were cheaper than Suits of Clothes.

One Evening just about the time when he was waiting for a Chance to nab the Girl, he was at the House with other Callers, among them several Women. They were asking the Real Thing about some Flimsy she had just purchased. She said she knew it must be an awful Bore to Men, but she supposed she would have to show it. So she went upstairs and came back with enough Merchandise to fill one of Wainmaker's Windows.



"The Dream of a Hat" That Scared Edward Out.

The Women Callers went into Convulsions and the Men looked at it solemnly and said "Yes, its Purty."

"Aint that a Dream?" asked the Real Thing, holding up a Picture Hat. "I got that for next to Nothing. He wanted to put I jewed him down to 55."

"How much did your Taller-Made set you back?" asked one of the Callers.

"Only 150," replied the Real Thing.

"My, that's awful cheap," said the Caller.

"Yes, and I think it's just as good as the Expensive Kind. O, by the way, Tessie, I saw a Boa yesterday, that was a Looool. I'm going to have it, too. The Man wants 20 for it."

They were so busy looking at the new Duds they did not notice that Edward had fallen back in a Swoon. He recovered sufficiently to find his way back to the Boarding House, but he destroyed the 100-a-Year Estimate, and the Real Thing was never again annoyed by having him call her up on the Phone.

MORAL: There is always one Way of getting rid of him.

Fable of the Girl Who Had Her Reasoning Powers With Her.

A CERTAIN hardworking Butterfly who met a Girl in the Afternoon and called on her that Evening, had a little System of his own. He believed that the correct Method was to tell each New One all about how the Others were crazy to Land him. This would show that he was a Popular Young Fellow and would make the New One a little more eager to cut the others out.

The System worked so well that he used it all the time. He kept his Pockets full of Letters and Photographs to prove that he was No. 1 with at least a Dozen of them, and in order to make it very

Strong, he had a few Presents of Jewelry that he would show, under his Coat, when he became very Confidential.

Said he to himself: "The short-sighted Lothario sits alongside of his Love-Dove and tells her that she is the only one in the whole Patch, but I let her know that I am more than Friendly with at least five or six. Competition is the life of Courtship. I play one against another. It's a Shame the Way I string them."

It chanced that this Circulating Suitor one day met a sweet and shapely Venus and immediately flashed his Date-Book. "Have you any Open Time?" he asked. "Come up tomorrow Evening," she replied. "I have another Booking but I will cancel it."

He arrived before she had her Make-Up on. He started early, because he had so much to tell her. She didn't know him very well, so it was necessary to give her a Line on his Record as a Girl-Subduer.

She came down and he got Busy. He showed her a Ring that had been given to him one Night in a Boat, and he let her read part of the Letters to prove that they called him Darling Boy, and he told how several Weddings had been postponed in the Hope that he, the Idol of the Ladies and the Envy of the Men, might change his Mind.

The Girl was intensely interested. For a Woman to be a Man's Confidante in a throbbing Love Affair is unadulterated feminine Luxury.

Along about 11 o'clock he thought he had her sufficiently Enthralled, so he placed himself on the Sofa and attempted to take her Hand.

"Scat, You Trifler!" exclaimed the Beautiful Maiden, repulsing him. "No Member of the Tell Club can do the

Fondle around this House. When you get ready to publish your Book on the Confessions of a Male Coquette, you will have to omit the Chapter about Me, because I am not going to give you any Souvenirs, or write you any give-away Letters or send my Photo. I have learned to put a Blue Tag on the Man who tells all he knows."

MORAL: The Man who tells you about the Last One, will tell the Next One about you.

Fable of the Roundabout Way in Which Gilbert Made Himself Strong With Alice.

GILBERT was engaged to marry Refined Alice, Daughter of the Commission Merchant.

He was on the List of Eligibles and every Mother in Town had in her Writing Desk. The Parents on both sides of the Fence had given their Consent. All Preliminaries had been arranged. There was not a Cloud in the Sky. It was a tame everyday, colorless kind of Courtship and that is why it did not suit Alice.

She wanted to be Engaged to some one who would send a Secret Message by the Faithful Servant and then climb a Rope-Ladder and try to Kiss her through a Screen Window. Her idea of meeting a Lover was to slip out on a Dark Night and find him at the Trysting-Place, muffled in a Cloak. There was no particular Excitement in being under Contract to one who came in the Front Way. So she wearied of the Alliance and Gil-



She Made a Running Jump For Him.

bert began to have Visions of himself losing his Number.

He knew that she wanted a Love Affair with a few streaks of Melodrama in it, and rather than pass up a Good Thing he fixed it for her.

He got her father into a Poker Party and bluffed him out of his Money and then joshed him. Alice's Father went home and said that he had been mistaken in the Young Man, and perhaps she had better call the Deal off. Then a lot of Gilbert's Friends went around to see her and they began to Knock. They told her that Gilbert was an all-night Rat and a Sport, and that he had a Past.

"They are trying to Separate us," said Alice, with her Hand on her Heart. "But Courage! I will be True."

Gilbert wrote and said he dared not come to the House, for fear her Father would take a Shot at him, but if she loved him to put a Lamp in the Window and he would be outside in the Rain, waiting to learn his Fate. It was a happy Night for Alice.

Next day she told her Parents that unless they permitted her to marry the Man of her Heart, she would abjure the World and enter a Convent. They yielded, and when Gilbert returned she made a running Leap for him and gave him the kind of Reception that he had been wanting all the time.

MORAL: A Woman never Clings until some one starts to Pull in the Opposite Direction.

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His Hallucination.

(Judge.)

Ex-Juryman—There was one member of the jury who wasn't quite right in his mind.

Friend—you don't mean it?

Ex-Juryman—That's a fact. He thought he knew what the experts were talking about.

F. Auerbach & Bro.

TOMORROW MORNING

At 9 O'Clock We Open Our Doors Upon
The Fourth Eventful Day of

This Greatest of All Clearing Sales

and Proceed With the

SLAUGHTER OF OUR ENTIRE WINTER STOCK

We would not stop this wonderful sale if we could, and we could not if we would. The people seem on buying bent, they cannot be restrained, they will not be denied. The popular enthusiasm is roused to the highest pitch by the Phenomenal Bargains. Early buyers have evidently been doing effective missionary work among our friends, for "Enormous crowds are growing with the growing hours." As the news of the bargains spreads the enthusiasm increases, the selling increases.

❖ ❖ For This Week ❖ ❖

we've added New Bargains to fan the excitement and keep up the fast and furious selling. Come and see them, and come with plenty of money, for you'll not be able to withstand the temptation to buy when you see the Bargains. The Values are Simply Unparalleled, but our advertising man finds it

Absolutely Impossible to Get Up a List of Prices

at this time. Our store is packed to the doors. He can't get through the aisles to get to the counters for items. So, all we have to say to you is: **Come tomorrow and see for yourself.**

❖ F. Auerbach & Brother ❖